

**MARVEL**

**14**

LGY#440

MacKAY  
FERRY  
MOORE

# DOCTOR STRANGE



RATED T+



# DOCTOR STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

As Sorcerer Supreme, Stephen Strange acts as Earth's mystic defender and consultant to its heroes in all things magic. Operating from his Sanctum Sanctorum in Greenwich Village, he and his wife, Clea, have ended the threat of his raging doppelganger, General Strange.

But magic is never quiet for long. A living role-playing game called Cobolorum has transformed a part of New York City into a fantasy kingdom. To meet the arcane rules of the game, Strange has assembled a new team of Secret Defenders: Hunter's Moon, Taskmaster and the Black Cat. But they've discovered they're not the only players in the game, for Baron Mordo has beaten them to the final encounter!

## "COBOLORUM PT. 2"

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DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO









IF YOU  
WANT TO MATCH  
STRANGE'S OFFER, I'D  
BE **MORE** THAN HAPPY  
TO JOIN **TEAM**  
**MORDO!**

I OFFER  
**VERY** ACCOMMODATING  
PAYMENT PLANS!



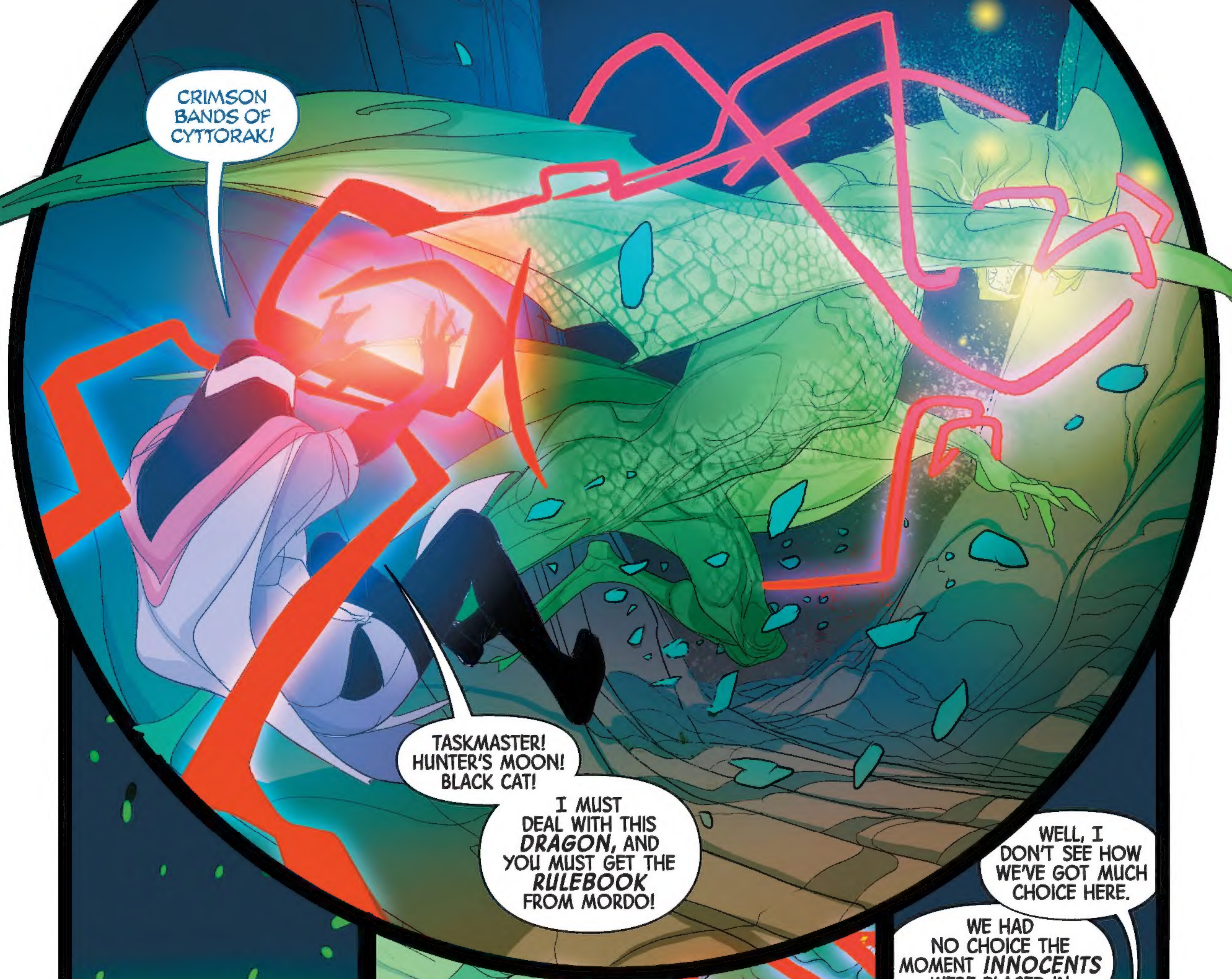
NO, TASKMASTER,  
I THINK **NOT**.

I THINK  
WHAT **THIS**  
SITUATION CALLS  
FOR...



...IS A  
**TOTAL PARTY**  
**KILL!**





CRIMSON  
BANDS OF  
CYTTORAK!

TASKMASTER!  
HUNTER'S MOON!  
BLACK CAT!

I MUST  
DEAL WITH THIS  
**DRAGON**, AND  
YOU MUST GET THE  
**RULEBOOK**  
FROM MORDO!

WELL, I  
DON'T SEE HOW  
WE'VE GOT MUCH  
CHOICE HERE.

WE HAD  
NO CHOICE THE  
MOMENT **INNOCENTS**  
WERE PLACED IN  
DANGER.

UH, YEAH,  
SURE. *THAT'S*  
WHAT I WAS  
TALKING ABOUT.



...I MEAN,  
SURE, NO PROB,  
DOC...

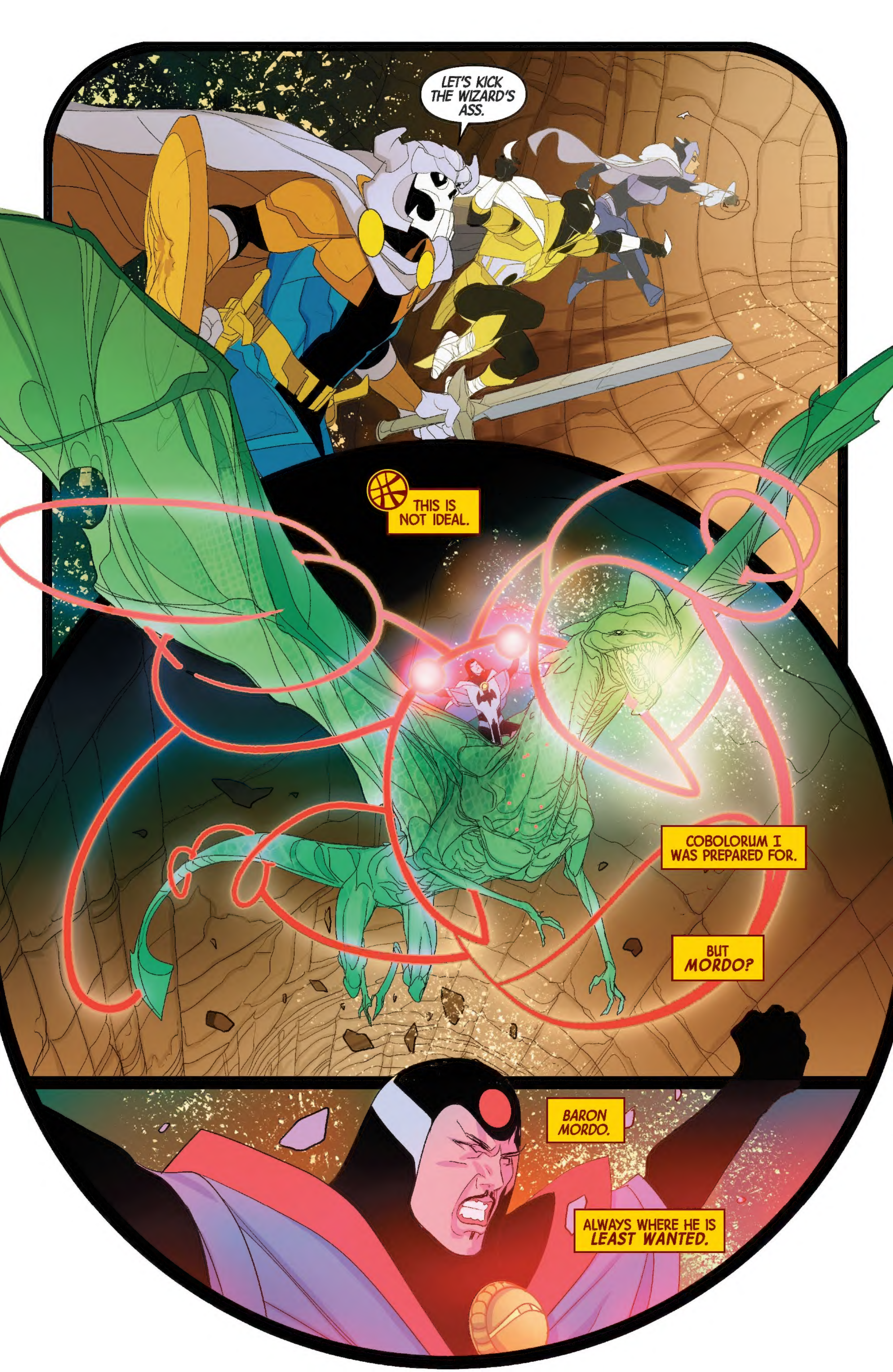


THE  
BOOK!

YOU  
MUST TAKE  
THE BOOK!







LET'S KICK  
THE WIZARD'S  
ASS.



THIS IS  
NOT IDEAL.

COBOLORUM I  
WAS PREPARED FOR.

BUT  
MORDO?

BARON  
MORDO.

ALWAYS WHERE HE IS  
LEAST WANTED.





FLAMES OF  
THE FALTINE!

YOU, UH,  
SURE YOU DON'T  
WANT TO *GIVE UP*,  
MORDO?



PLEASE.

A FIGHTER  
AND A PRIEST  
AGAINST A *WIZARD*?  
AGAINST THE *MASTER*  
OF THE *GAME*?

I WILL PUT  
YOU IN THE GRAVES  
THAT STRANGE HAS  
BROUGHT YOU  
TO--

--AND THEN  
RAISE YOUR BONES  
TO TAUNT HIM!



DEATH HOLDS  
NO TERROR FOR  
ME, WIZARD.

CAN  
YOU SAY THE  
SAME?



DO NOT PRETEND YOU ARE THE  
ONLY ONE HERE WHO HAS EVER  
*DIED*, FIST OF KHONSHU.

WINDS OF  
WATOOMB!



HEY. FIST OF KHONSHU--  
DO YOU KNOW *MOON*  
*KNIGHT*?

YES. MY BROTHER  
*DIED*, AND I CARRY  
ON OUR WORK.

HE'S  
*DEAD*?!

OH,  
THANK  
GOD.









IT ISN'T  
*FAIR.*

I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
LEFT MY FRIENDS (AND  
TASKMASTER) TO DEAL  
WITH AN EVIL MAGICIAN  
WHO HAS EVER BEEN  
MY RESPONSIBILITY.

BUT THIS  
DRAGON...

...POSSESSES AN  
*OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE*  
LIKE NO OTHER CREATURE.

IT IS NOT  
MERELY A  
*MONSTER.*

IT IS A  
*MESSAGE.*



*The world of  
Cobolorum is  
at war.*

*For weeks, the city  
of Luxxoria had  
been under siege.*

*Hunter's Moon, the high  
priest-king of the city and  
living avatar of Khonshu,  
watched from the battlements...*

*...knowing that his enemy,  
the mercenary chief, the  
treacherous Taskmaster,  
was merely biding his time.*





I TIRE OF  
COWERING.

I AM  
KHONSHU'S  
*FIST.*

YOUR  
EMINENCE?

PREPARE  
A SORTIE.

WE  
END THIS  
TONIGHT.

IT'S  
GOING TO BE  
TONIGHT.

HE'S TOO  
PROUD. HE WON'T  
WAIT US OUT.

I WANT MY  
*SCURVIEST*  
*WARRIORS* AND  
MY *GNARLIEST*  
*FIGHTERS*  
WITH ME.

I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR MEN  
WHO LIKE  
TO KILL!





COBOLORUM!

SPEAK  
TO ME!

THAT IS WHAT  
THIS IS ABOUT,  
IS IT NOT?

YOUR  
DRAGON--

--THE MIGHTIEST  
OF THE CREATURES IN  
YOUR RULEBOOK--

--IS NOT  
MERELY MORDO'S  
WEAPON, BUT YOUR  
ENVOY!

NEED...

...PLAYERS...

...HATE...

...MASTER...

AS DO  
I.

BUT YOU  
CANNOT HAVE  
THE CHILDREN,  
COBOLORUM!





Hunter's Moon struck  
with the righteous  
rage of a god.

But the mercenaries were  
like a wave--each one struck  
down was replaced by another.

In that, they served their master's  
purpose. Taskmaster spent lives  
like they were coppers, as long as  
they furthered his desires.

Even the Fist of Khonshu,  
implacable as he might be,  
would tire in the face of  
such odds.

And that is when  
the Taskmaster  
would strike.



YOU ARE A  
UNIQUE AND  
FANTASTIC CREATURE,  
COBOLORUM!

I EMPATHIZE  
WITH THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
OF YOUR EXISTENCE!

"BUT YOU ARE  
SELF-DEFEATING!

"YOUR EXISTENCE  
DESTROYS THE VERY  
PLAYERS THAT  
YOU REQUIRE!"

...NEED...

...PLAYERS...

...MUST  
SURVIVE...MUST  
EXIST...

YOU CAN BE  
ANYTHING.

YOU CAN  
CREATE WHOLE  
WORLDS--  
WORLDS WITHIN  
WORLDS...

COBOLORUM!

SNAP!

I HAVE  
DIAGNOSED YOUR  
CONDITION.

AND I  
BELIEVE I HAVE  
A COURSE OF  
TREATMENT.

RELEASE THE  
CHILDREN AND  
ENTRUST YOURSELF  
TO ME.

I KNOW OF  
A PLAYER WHO  
HAS NEED OF YOU,  
AS YOU HAVE NEED  
OF A PLAYER.

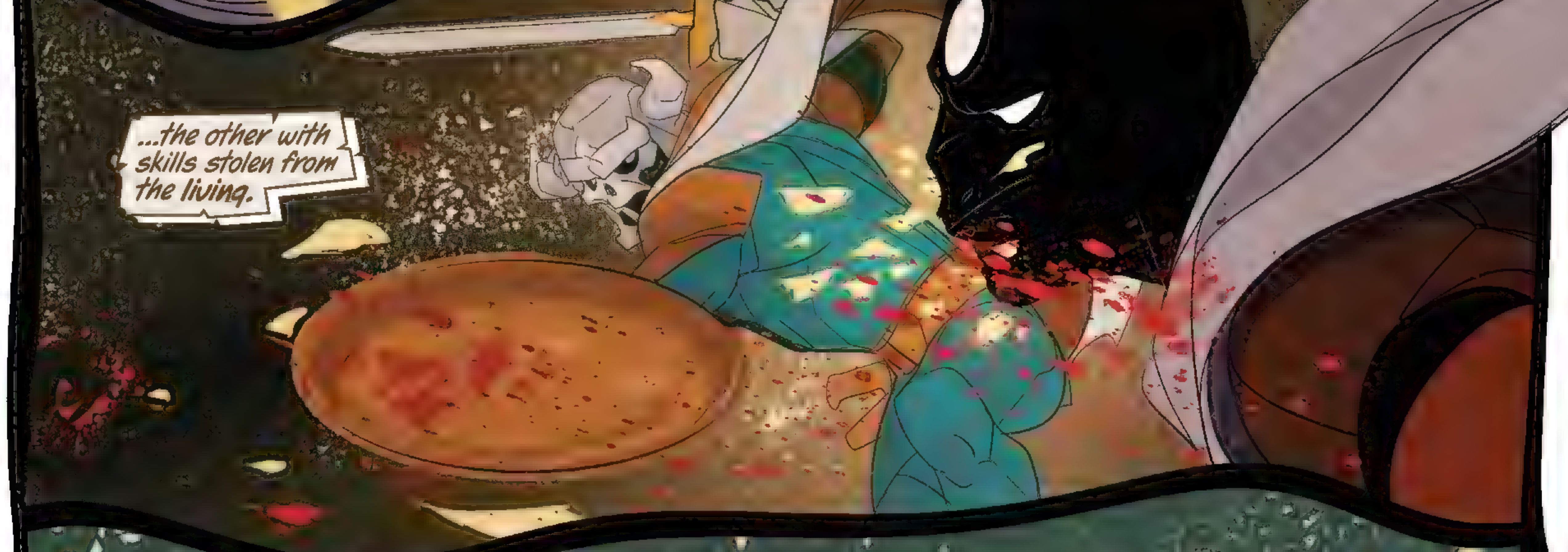


A dynamic illustration of two characters in a combat pose. The character on the left is a white, bat-like figure with a blue and orange suit, holding a sword. The character on the right is a yellow, bat-like figure with a black mask and a yellow and orange suit, also holding a sword. They are surrounded by a cloud of red and yellow particles, suggesting a recent explosion or impact.

Two foes,  
one noble,  
one scurrilous.

A close-up illustration of a character wearing a purple cloak and a black mask with white eyes. The character is looking down with a somber expression. The background is a dark, textured surface with some red and yellow particles.

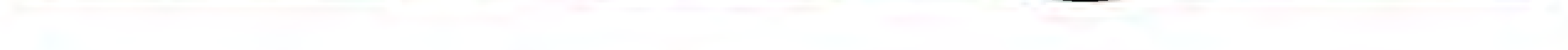
One fought with the skills  
gifted by the dead...

A close-up illustration of a character wearing a blue and orange suit, holding a sword. The character is looking down with a somber expression. The background is a dark, textured surface with some red and yellow particles.

...the other with  
skills stolen from  
the living.

A close-up illustration of a character wearing a blue and orange suit, holding a sword. The character is looking down with a somber expression. The background is a dark, textured surface with some red and yellow particles.

One would die on  
this battlefield...

A close-up illustration of a character wearing a blue and orange suit, holding a sword. The character is looking down with a somber expression. The background is a dark, textured surface with some red and yellow particles.

...if not  
both.



...and as the final,  
killing stroke was made...

"...THEY REALIZED THAT  
THEY WERE BEING  
PLAYED FOR SUCKERS..."

...AND  
THEY GOT OVER  
THEMSELVES.

...UH,  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

I THINK  
WE HAVE BEEN  
TOYED WITH.

OH  
DEAR.

WIZARDS  
AND FIGHTERS  
AND PRIESTS...

...AND YOU'RE  
SURPRISED THAT  
THE THIEF DOES  
HER THING?

GOT  
YOUR BOOK,  
MORDO.

YOU  
CAN'T--

GIVE  
ME THAT  
BACK--

FIGURES. YOU  
BOYS, SO WRAPPED  
UP IN YOUR GAMES THAT  
YOU DON'T NOTICE A  
PERFECT TEN  
SNEAKING AROUND,  
UNBELIEVABLE.

LOOKS LIKE  
I'VE GOT THE  
REAL POWER  
NOW, PAL.





YOU DO  
INDEED.

WELL  
DONE, MY  
FRIENDS.

(AND  
TASKMASTER.)

HEY,  
THANKS.

MS.  
HARDY.

THE  
RULEBOOK, IF  
YOU PLEASE.

PLEASE,  
TAKE THIS NERD  
JUNK OFF MY  
HANDS.

YOU  
GET ALL THIS  
MAGIC STUFF  
SORTED?

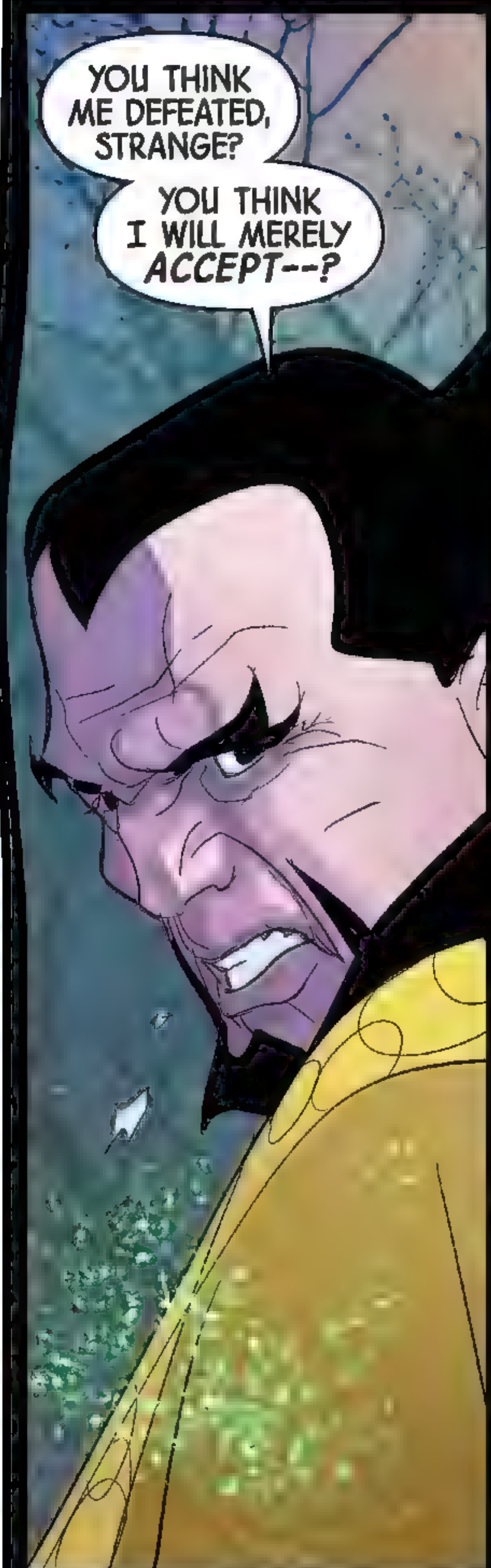
I DID INDEED.  
COBOLORUM AND  
I HAVE COME TO  
AN ACCORD TO THE  
BENEFIT OF  
EVERYONE.

NOW,  
COBOLORUM,  
RETURN YOUR REALMS  
OF WONDER BACK  
WITHIN YOUR  
PAGES...





...AND PUT  
THE WORLD TO  
RIGHTS!



YOU THINK  
ME DEFEATED,  
STRANGE?

YOU THINK  
I WILL MERELY  
ACCEPT---?



POW

UGGHHDDD!



I THINK  
YOU WILL,  
MORDO.

IF YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
IS GOOD FOR  
YOU.



# THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

"I NEVER KNOW  
WHAT TO DO WITH  
YOU, MORDO."

THERE IS  
NO *JAIL* I  
CAN DELIVER  
YOU TO.

AND I DO  
NOT WISH TO  
IMPRISON YOU  
MYSELF, THOUGH  
YOU LEAVE ME  
LITTLE CHOICE.

USUALLY,  
YOU HAVE THE  
GOOD GRACE TO  
DIE WHEN ONE OF  
YOUR SCHEMES IS  
SCOTCHED.

THAT CAN BE  
ARRANGED.

DAMN YOU,  
STRANGE! DAMN  
YOU, CLEA!

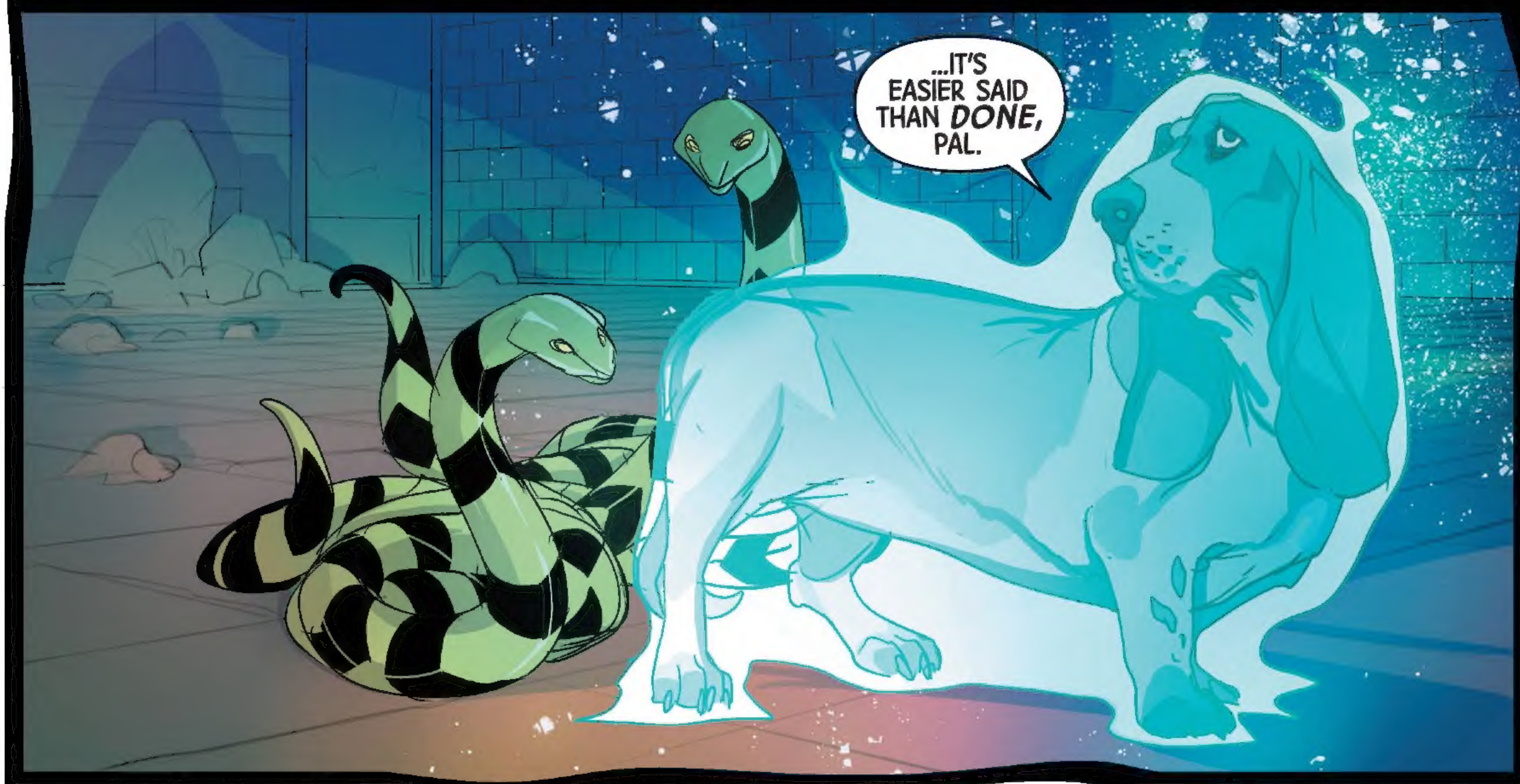
TAKE YOUR  
HANDS *OFF*  
OF ME!

GLADLY.

UNTIL I  
CAN THINK  
OF SOMETHING  
TO *DO* WITH  
YOU...

"...INTO THE  
CRYPT OF  
SHADOWS  
WITH YOU!"









WELL,  
THAT SHOULD  
HOLD HIM.

NOW, WHERE  
IN ALL THE HELLS  
DID MY *DOG*  
GET TO?

DOCTOR?



I HEARD  
SHOUTING.

AH. YES,  
THAT WAS  
KARL.

KARL  
MORDO?

WHAT HAS  
HE BEEN UP  
TO?



OH, SUBJUGATING  
AND OPPRESSING  
THE WEAK, HIS  
USUAL PURSUIT.

LISTEN,  
GENERAL. I HAVE  
SOMETHING FOR  
YOU.



IT IS A STRANGE  
CREATURE, BUT YOU  
ARE NOT UNFAMILIAR  
WITH THOSE.

YOU COULD  
BE *GOOD* FOR  
ONE ANOTHER.



WHEN  
WAS THE  
LAST TIME YOU  
PLAYED A GAME,  
GENERAL?





NEXT: YOU MUST READ...  
**BLOOD HUNT #1**  
THEN COME BACK NEXT MONTH FOR STRANGE VS. VAMPIRES!



NEXT:

# DOCTOR STRANGE #15



## BLOOD HUNT BEGINS!

Picking up immediately after the shocking events of BLOOD HUNT #1, Strange and Clea must help the heroes of Earth fight back against the vampire army! But is it already too late for our Sorcerer Supreme?

EMAIL US AT [MHEROES@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MHEROES@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT!"

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